

# **An escape**

**Isoldmysoultocrowley**

## An escape by Isoldmysoultocrowley

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Homophobic Slurs, I live for richie beverly friendship, I think this will be equally romantic richie/eddie and platonic richie/beverly, Implied/Referenced Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, M/M, Reddie, Smoking, georgie is 12 years old, no pennywise, they're like 17, those tags are about richie's parents and beverly's dad

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Urish

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, richie tozier & beverly marsh

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2017-10-29

**Updated:** 2017-11-01

**Packaged:** 2020-01-30 20:43:45

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 2

**Words:** 2,584

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Richie works at the local fair during summer, because he really needs the money, and a reason to get out of the house.

He quickly bonds with his co worker and when he meets her friends his eyes linger just a little bit longer on the short boy with big dark eyes and a ridiculous fanny pack.

# 1. Chapter 1

## Author's Note:

Well yeah let's see where the story takes us.

Richie strolled down the fair, taking it all in. He'd just got his name tag from his boss and this was his first day here. His job was just to collect tickets before shows, and cleaning the theater after shows so, pretty boring, but hey, at least the salary was alright.

The first show, a magic show with some local amateur wizard, didn't start until 2 pm, so Richie figured he had some spare time until then, since it was only 11 am at the moment.

Well shit. What was he supposed to do for three hours?

Richie had left the house much earlier than he had to, but he needed to get out of there. His mom had been passed out on the couch, and him opening his bedroom door had apparently been a way to loud sound because she had groaned and glared at him before scolding him for never being considerate of the other people in his house, and never being grateful for what she'd done for him, etc, etc, etc.

Right.

Because she had obviously done *so much* for him. He'd never been able to bring home friends when he was younger because he was scared they'd get hit on the head with a bottle. He'd worn the same broken glasses for about a decade because she spent all the family's money and didn't care if her son could see properly or not. He'd loathed himself for years because of the words that came out of his drunk mother's mouth.

*See what you made me do Richard? If you hadn't -*

*Faggot.*

*I always wished I'd have a daughter. Look what I got instead.*

Yeah. She'd sure done a lot to him.

Richie really needed a cigarette right now.

~~~

He walked around, looking for a calm place without too many screaming children. Turned out that was much harder than expected.

After a while he finally saw a bench beside the closed ferris wheel.

As he approached it, he noticed a girl was already sitting there. She looked about his age. She was fairly tall and had short cut ginger hair. She was wearing a sundress with a flowery pattern and a worn out denim jacket, with black boots. She was holding a cigarette between her fingers, and was seemingly staring into thin air.

Richie walked up to the bench and sat down beside her.

"Hey" he said casually.

She looked up and suspiciously scanned him with her eyes.

"Can I have a cig?" he asked. "Promise I'll repay you somehow."

Richie did actually have his own but he wanted to talk to this girl. She seemed cool.

The girl visibly relaxed. "Sure" she said, digging into her pocket and pulling out the box, offering it to him.

He took a cigarette and handed the box back to her. "Thanks"

"So what brings such a lovely lady like yourself to the lonely smoking bench?" Richie asked, an eyebrow raised, as he lit the cigarette.

The girl snorted. "I'm on my break, asshole. All the screaming kids would've driven me insane if I'd stayed."

"Oh so you work here?" Richie asked, dropping the sarcastic tone.

She nodded. "I'm Beverly, by the way." She reached out her hand and rolled her eyes when Richie kissed it instead of shaking it.

"Richie Tozier" he responded. "I just started my first day here."

"Why the actual fuck would you get a job at this hellhole." Beverly said in a completely serious voice. Richie almost burst out laughing.

"I'm not kidding" she continued. "Last year one of the hired clowns tried to kidnap a 5-year old kid. It was wild."

Richie shivered at the thought. He was *not* a fan of clowns.

"Well" he said with a shrug. "I need the money"

Beverly nodded in agreement. "That was why I applied for a job here as well."

"But at least my friends usually come visit me during work so it's not completely awful" she stated.

"Sounds nice." Richie said. "As unlikely as it might seem", he grinned, "I actually don't have many friends here."

He added the word "here" to make the statement less pathetic but his grin fell under Beverly's stare.

"I could introduce you to them if you want" she said. "However, you might wanna think about it first. Hanging out with us is basically social suicide" she said and grinned at Richie.

He raised his eyebrows. "Well -"

"Oh shit" Beverly interrupted, looking at her watch. "Sorry I really gotta go, my break was over like ,ten minutes ago."

Richie nodded. "See you around, Beverly"

"See you, Richie" she said. "Also, call me Bev." she added with a smile.

He smiled back and raised a hand as a goodbye gesture as she walked off.

~~~

At 1:45 pm Richie walked back to the fair.

Somehow, all he could focus on was all the groups of friends walking together, laughing together. Richie couldn't help but feel as though he missed out on something wonderful.

He really, *really* tried to not pin too much hope on Beverly and these friends she mentioned, but *god* it would be nice to actually have people care for him and enjoy his company.

Did he dare to hope that this summer might not suck, after all?

## 2. 2

### Notes for the Chapter:

so much dialogue I'm honestly sorry. Anyways enjoy a new chapter! hope u like it

One week at his new job and Richie was already considering quitting. Why the actual, literal, genuine fuck couldn't that kid have waited until they got outside to feel sick and throw up. Richie signed up to collect tickets and throw away empty cups thrown on the floor after shows. Not to clean up vomit.

Ugh.

Apart from that unfortunate event, the job was still trash. Why were there so many annoying kids there, trying to sneak into the shows? And when nothing especially bad happened, it was just fucking boring in general.

At least he'd gotten to speak to Beverly some more. They had gone out for smoking breaks a few times, and grabbed lunch together twice.

Turned out Beverly had applied for this job for about the same reasons Richie had. In need of money, and in need of a reason to get out of the house. Of what Richie had heard, Bev didn't exactly have the best dad. Richie understood the feeling.

Bev had mentioned her little group of friends a couple of times. Richie was actually looking forward to seeing them sometime. Not that he'd admit that to Beverly. He didn't wanna seem like a loner in desperate need of friends or something.

~~~

After the first show of the day, Richie got a text from Bev.

**2:34 pm from Bev:** Hey loser wanna go get lunch?

**2:35 pm to Bev:** sure thing I'll met u in 10

Richie picked up the last candy wrappers from the floor, threw them away, and wiped his hands on his jeans.

**2:39 pm from Bev:** fyi Bill and his lil bro are joining us

Richie recognized the name, Beverly had mentioned a guy named Bill before.

**2:39 pm from Bev:** so don't be too inappropriate with ur jokes we don't wanna corrupt this 12 year old kid

**2:40 pm to Bev:** hm I'll see what I can do ;)

Richie grinned and put his phone in his pocket.

~~~

He spotted Beverly by the usual bench, with two other people. He assumed that was Bill and his brother. Beverly noticed Richie and waved at him, smiling.

The two others turned to look at him. One looked about his age, that must be Bill. He was tall, had brown hair and fairly attractive in general. The other, the twelve year old, was short and was wearing a ridiculously yellow raincoat.

Well, Richie couldn't judge the kid, it wasn't like he had had the best fashion sense when he was twelve.

Beverly stood up as Richie approached the bench.

"So, Richie this is-"

"Bill" Bill interrupted and gave an awkward wave with his right hand.

"Nice to meet you Billiam" Richie said in an overly polite voice. "I'm Richie"



Bill gave an uncertain laugh at what Richie had called him. "Nice t-to meet you R-r-richie."

Richie noticed his stutter and made a mental note to remember to not joke about that. Sometimes he had to remind himself that some of the jokes his brain comes up with are way out of lane and not actually funny.

He turned to the younger boy. "And I assume you're Bill's brother?"

The boy nodded.

Richie waited expectantly

"Do you...have a name?" he asked.

"Georgie." the boy said.

"Well nice to meet you Georgie" Richie said in another of his Voices.

Beverly snorted. "Richie that was the worst british accent I've ever heard."

Richie glared at her. "Fuck you there is nothing wrong with my british accent."

When he saw Georgie's wide eyes he realized he probably shouldn't have said "fuck you" around a twelve year old.

"Ah shit" he said under his breath.

"W-well let's get g-going." Bill said loudly. Probably to interrupt Richie before he swore again. "I have my c-c-car here."

~~~

They ended up going to a small diner. Richie raised an eyebrow at Bev as to ask why they stopped here.

"Our friend Mike works here" she explained.

They walked inside and chose a table by the window, with only mild complaining from Georgie.

"Biiiiiill my ice cream will melt because of the sun from outside." he whined.

Bill raised an eyebrow. "Who said you're getting ice cream?"

Georgie pouted.

He hesitated. "I'll get you ice cream if you stop complaining about things"

Georgie nodded. "I promise"

"Wow." Richie said. "The power of ice cream."

~~~~

They had barely began studying the menus when a guy walked up to them with a shining grin on his face.

"Miiike" Bill and Beverly said in unison.

"Hey guys" the guy, Mike, said. "How have you been? It's been like 4 weeks since we last met."

"Oh god it has, hasn't it?" Beverly said. "That must change."

Bill nodded. "To a-answer your question, I've actually s-s-started writing a b-book"

Mike raised his eyebrows. "I swear Bill you will be a bestselling author by 20."

Bill rolled his eyes but Richie could see he got really happy from Mike's comment.

"And I got a cool co-worker!" Bev said and nodded towards Richie.

"Ah" Mike said. "I was beginning to wonder who you were."

Richie was amazed by how this guy seemed to radiate joy. He held out his hand.

"I'm Richie" he said. "And if I didn't mishear Beverly and Bill every time they mentioned you in the car, you must be Mike?"

Mike grinned. "Correct."

~~~~

Mike took their orders and disappeared into the kitchen.

Beverly was talking about how Richie just had to meet the other of their friends. Apparently there was a Stan, an Eddie, and a Ben he hadn't met yet.

After a while Mike came back with their food. Georgie had gotten pancakes, and the other three had gotten hamburgers. And they were all sharing a giant order of fries.

Mike stayed and talked to them a while. Richie got to know that Mike was homeschooled, and that his grandfather owned a farm. Apparently he had met the other losers (why did they call themselves losers?) when they helped him get away from bullies. Richie recognized the name Henry Bowers, he had heard some students speak in hushed voices about something horrible he did. Richie himself had never met him but it was hard to not have heard of Bowers.

"Hey, sh-should we ask S-st-Stan if he wants to join u-us?" Bill suddenly said.

"Oh that's a great idea" Bev said. "Text him"

Bill whipped out his phone and started typing.

Bev turned to Richie. "Ben is busy today, something with helping his mom out at home, and it usually takes Eddie four to five business days to convince his mom to let him leave the house- " Richie raised an eyebrow. "- so yeah that's why we're only asking Stan." she said.

About 5 minutes later Bill tapped Beverly's arm. She turned to him and he showed her his phone. She smiled.

"Oh, good news!" Bev said excitedly. "Eddie is coming as well. Apparently he was already at Stan's when we texted."

"I wonder if Eddie had to sneak out or if he actually managed to convince his mom" Mike said jokingly.

"What's up with his mom?" Richie asked.

Bwv sighed. "She's a hypochondriac. If Eddie so much as coughs she'll insist he's got some deadly sickness and keep him in the house for two weeks."

Richie must've looked very taken aback, because Bill snorted at his reaction.

"Oh god poor guy" he said.

~~~

They had just ordered Georgie's ice cream when two people walked into the diner.

One of them was tall, with very curly hair. He caught sight of Bill and smiled at them.

The guy walking beside him might've been the cutest boy Richie had ever seen. He was short - seriously, how tall could he be? 5'5?- He had nice brown hair and big brown eyes. He was wearing jeans and a hoodie in a shade of very light pink. And - was that a fucking fanny pack?

Ah.

Richie figured that must be Eddie. The guy (Eddie?) spotted the group and Richie could swear they got eye contact for a few seconds.

The two approached the others at the table.

"H-hi Stan, Eddie" Bill said.

"Hello" Stan said and smiled at Bill.

"Okay you two this is Richie" Beverly said and put her hand on Richie's shoulder. Richie smirked at them.

"A pleasure to meet you" Richie said and held out his hand with a charming smile as he always did when he met new people. Adults usually seemed delighted at his "good manners", but people his age usually thought he was mocking them in some way.

Stan shook his hand.

"I'm Stan" he said.

Eddie hesitantly shook his hand as well.

"I'm Eddie."

Richie smirked at his hesitant expression.

"Nice to meet you Eddie Spaghetti"

Eddie looked at him in confusion. "Don't call me that." he said as he covered his hand in hand sanitizer.

Richie wasn't sure if he should be offended by that.

Bev continued talking. "Richie's my new co-worker. He's the only one cool enough to keep me company during smoking breaks"

Eddie wrinkled his nose in disgust.

Richie gasped dramatically and put a hand to his chest. "Beverly. Is that all I am to you?" he asked in mock offense.

Beverly rolled her eyes. "Sorry if you got your hopes up, dear."

"G-guys let's not gl-glorify smoking, th-there are children p-p-present." Bill said and chuckled.

Richie nudged Eddie in the side, causing him to jump. "I'm sure he can handle it"

Eddie glared at him. "He was talking about Georgie! asshole."

Richie almost laughed out loud at Eddie's expression. It was something between looking horrified and pouting. It was honestly adorable.

"Awh Eds don't be mad at me" Richie said and ruffled Eddie's hair.

"Bill please change seats with me" Eddie said desperately.

Bill just laughed.

Eddie sighed, but Richie could see a hint of a smile on his face.

Richie really liked the whole friend group so far, but Eddie was something else. He wasn't overly polite, like many people are with new people. He showed clearly how annoying he thought Richie's jokes and inappropriate comments were. Richie liked it. It was a challenge.

Also Eddie was incredibly cute and his smile made Richie feel things.

### **Author's Note:**

lol this seems like a Richie/Beverly fic but I promise they're just friends and Eddie will be introduced in the next chapter.

Also yes the first chapter is very short it's more of an introduction to everything, not much plot.